



YEAR'S END 71

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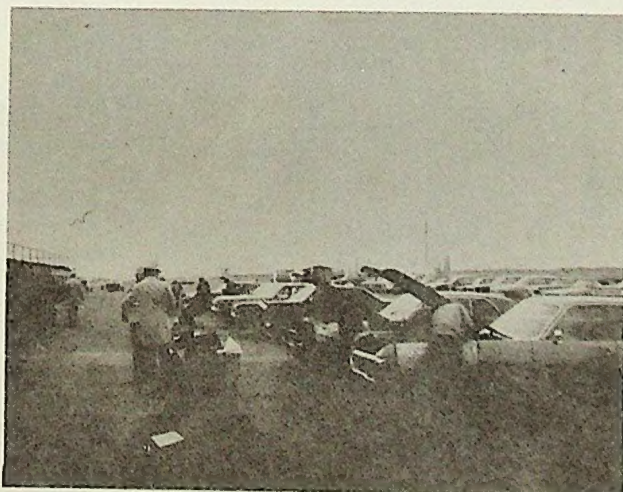
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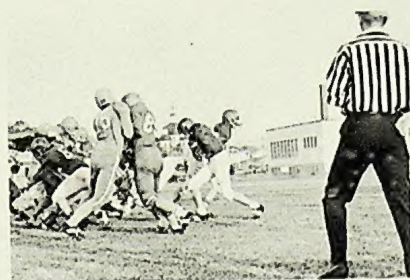
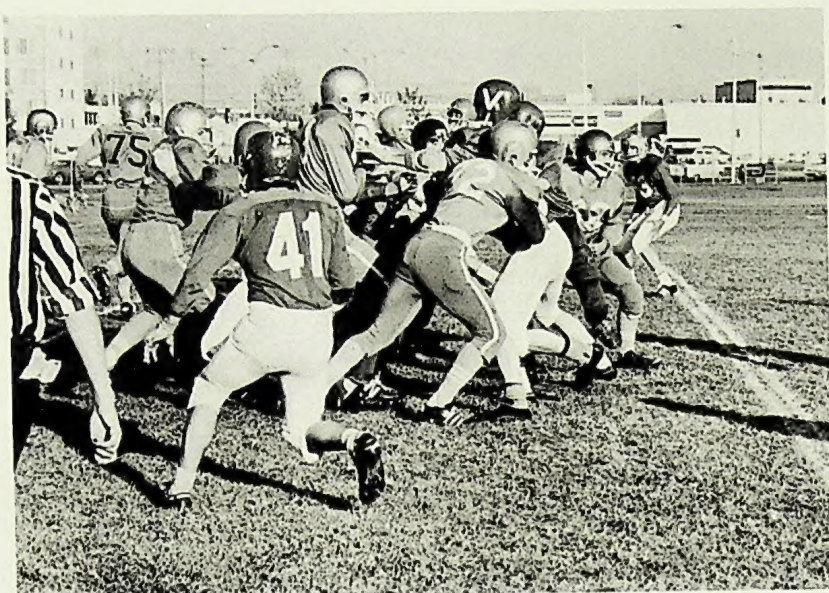




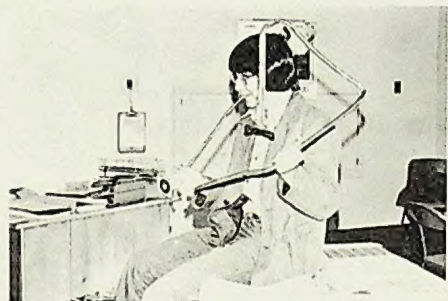
TROUBLE SHOOTING CONTEST

A Big Day for Automotives 32 ended with a headline in the Edmonton Journal, "Vic Comp trouble-shooters win." Well done Martin Hoffman and Don Goertzen.



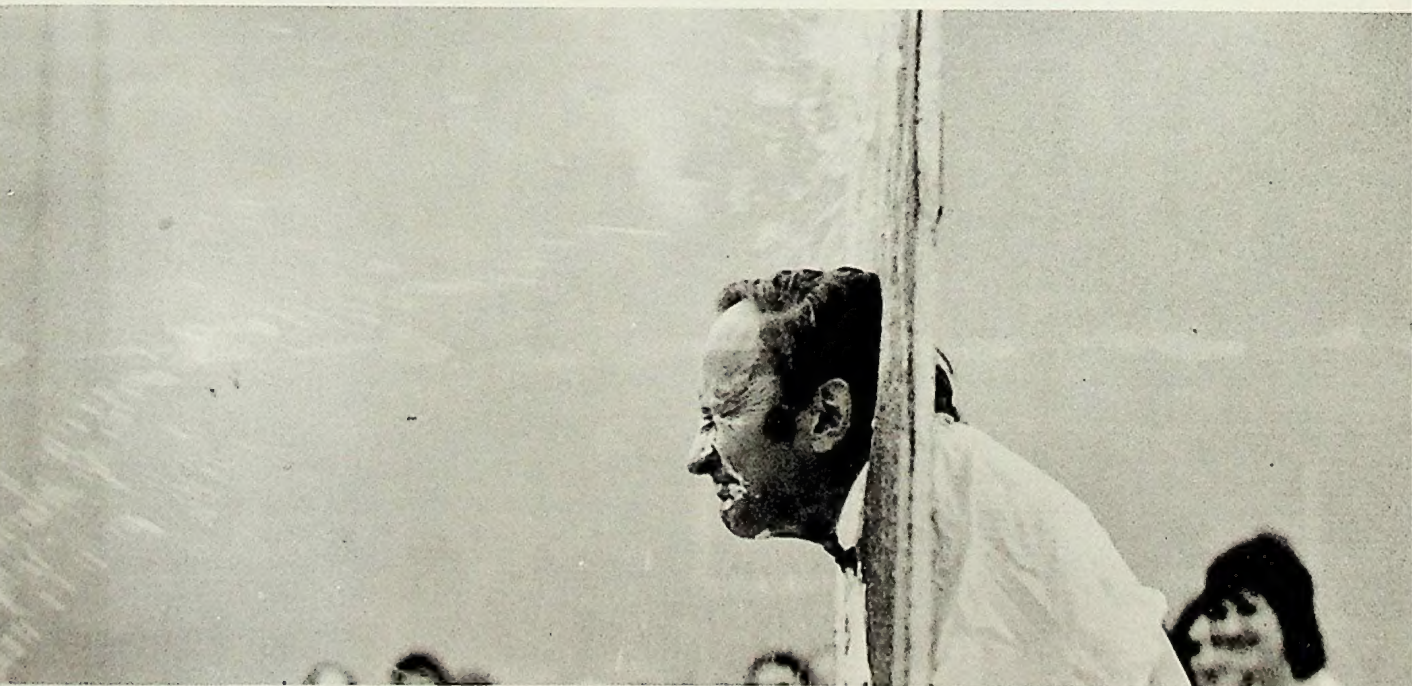
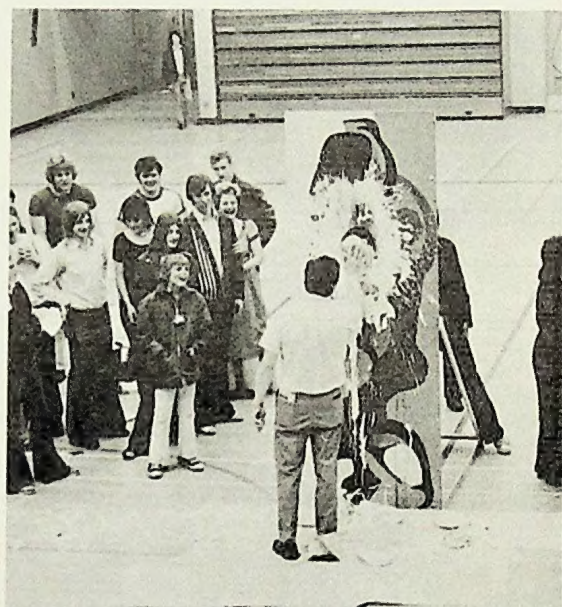
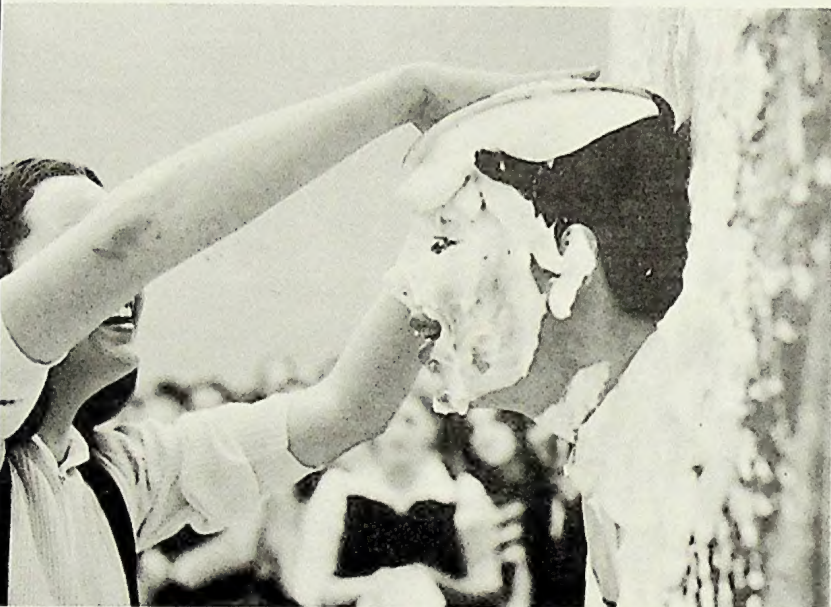
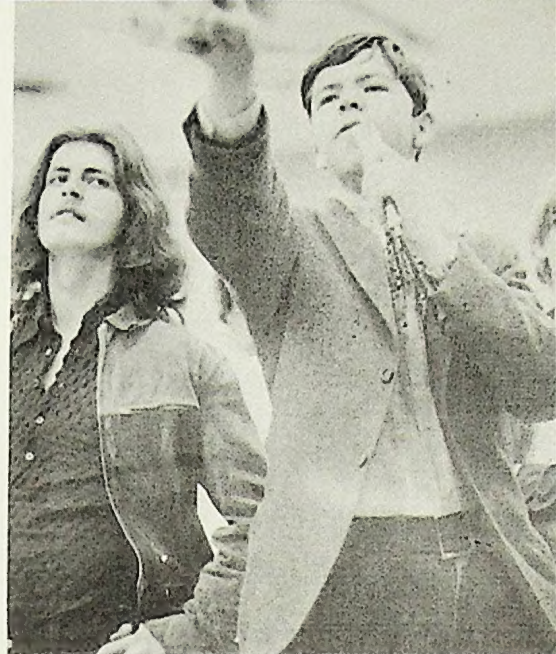


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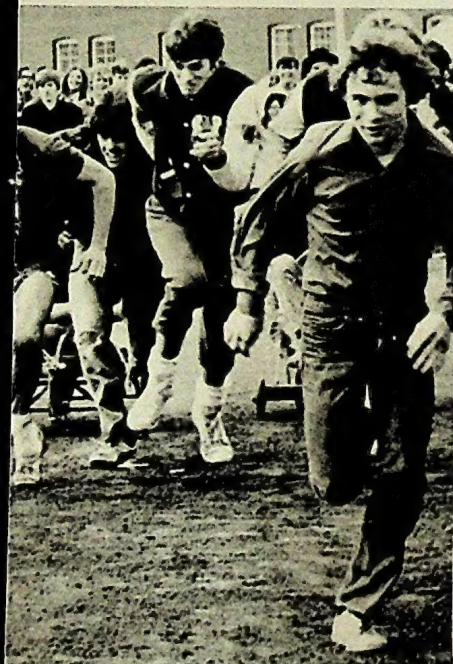
...OF PIE THROWING





KLONDIKE DAYS

The annual Klondike Days kicked off its three days of festivities on April 27, 1971. Very acute choking sensations were experienced by those in the Pancake Contest. The Greased Pig was of high I.Q. and gave a few sore ribs to its human conquerors. Excitement mounted as Snoopy rode in on a four wheel cart and won the Chuckwagon Race. Square Dancing gave you the same sensation as the fool on the hill saw the world. Guvs (and Gals) were tied up in the Cabaret and of course there were always bargains at the General Store. Maybe that is why only one person cared to dance at the Sockhop.



CLASS HISTORY OF '71 CLASS

CLASS HISTORIAN BILL BRADLEY

Honoured guest, ladies and gentlemen, fellow grads. I am honoured to have been chosen Vic's fourth class historian, joining the ranks of those other great orators; Don Widynowski, Malcolm Stone and Stu Ross. I would like to thank the Grad Council, and especially Trudy Marion and Rod Warren, two of my former friends, for trapping me in this inescapable position.

Once upon a time, a long, long time ago, we first set forth in the halls of what we were told was the finest school in Western Canada. We were laughed at, enslaved, married off, and otherwise humiliated by those mighty, honourable, fearless, exalted, magnificent seniors we had heard so much about. But we soon recovered and became fully integrated in the school and its many functions and activities, all the while plotting our revenge upon the turkeys who were to become next year's frosh.

In sports our senior boys and junior girls basketball team went all the way to conquer the Provincial title. The junior boys and senior girls just missed the championships by a couple of unfortunate games.

Grade 11—the year of revenge. It was our turn to inflict the official welcome upon the unsuspecting Frosh. This year the school teams, looking back upon their glorious record of past City and Provincial championships, decided to be generous and let the other schools have a chance by modestly bowing out of the finals.

Centennial Park was finally finished. You remember, that concrete hole in the ground behind the tennis courts that has stared us in the face ever since we came to Vic.

Grade 12 has been great fun — especially for us who got "turkeyed" into the boys Phys Ed 30 Survival Camp. Five days in the wilderness, hiking, hunting, sleeping, eating . . . EATING? HA! Porridge and chicken soup, that's what Mr. McLean gave us to keep alive in the bush. "Don't worry, boys," he said, "there's plenty of wild game to eat in case you run out of provisions." Allan Chubb caught the only fish, a decrepit old Jack; Mel Wong captured the only duck by bashing its brains out on the side of the canoe; the rest of us managed to survive on rabbits which most of us skinned and cooked before we ate. Poor Mike Sawchuk — he nearly starved because he couldn't bring himself to kill a poor defenceless bunny. Nevertheless we all managed to make it back to the city safely. By the way, do any of you guys remember whatever became of that case of beer Mr. McLean confiscated . . . ?

Again this year our school teams bowed out of the finals in most of the sporting events. Doesn't it warm your heart to know that we can be so generous to our rival schools?

The end of March saw a new bill passed in the Legislature lowering the age of majority to 18, creating many instant adults within the confines of Vic.

One of Vic's most popular clubs, the F.A.D.C., has asked me to announce the recent expansion. On March 31 at 3 p.m. the Friday Afternoon Drinking Club changed its name to the Monday thru Friday Afternoon Drinking Club and took up semi-residence in the Continental Lounge of the Kingsway Motor Hotel!

One of the truest and most loyal supporters of Vic that I know is Roy Edwards, Vic's resident barber and leader of our cheering section for many years now. He is world reknowned for his blood curdling Tarzan yell which strikes terrific terror into the hearts of opponents everywhere. We are proud to call him our friend.

Without Roy it is doubtful that any of us would be here tonight. When a tremendous wave of apathy swept over the school, and no one was willing to work towards organizing graduation, it was Roy who inspired a few semi-concerned students to organize a functioning grad council. On behalf of all the students, I thank you Roy for all you have done to make Vic the finest school in Western Canada.



VALEDICTORY ADDRESS

VALEDICTORIAN: KENNELLY HO

Many historians have coined phrases that appropriately describe different eras, such as the "Dirty Thirties" or the "Age of Chivalry." I felt that our past few years of high school might be called "The Period of Earnest Enlightenment" or, in a more exact but cumbersome phrase, "Those happy but hard, elevating yet frustrating, creative, exploratory, and perhaps fruitful years."

During those enlightening years, we have found new sources of enjoyment and many things to smile about. We have met new faces and made new friends. We have enjoyed many dances and sockhops, and such a blooming variety of sports, games and pep rallies, that as a result, the School Board gave us an endless chain of weekends just to recuperate from our fun. Perhaps we could call our high school years the "Age of Discovery," for Vic has literally opened our eyes wider — given us almost limitless opportunities to find out what makes clocks tick, engines run, the world spin, and teachers mad. Above all else, we have turned our eyes inwards and discovered ourselves: our strengths and weaknesses, talents and tastes. Tonight is not only the culmination of about three years of high school, or, to extend that, a dozen years of formal education, but, more important, about eighteen to twenty of what may be, in retrospect, the most wonderful years of a lifetime.

Along with the enjoyment we derived from school, we also received our toll of toiling. This period of "Earnest Enlightenment" was earnest and serious enough for most of us. If we stop to think of all the effort we exerted — all those sweating hours we spent in class, morning to evening, five days a week, and ten months a year; the countless numbers of exams we crammed for and prayed to God we'd pass; the pressing deadlines we had to meet before the Argosy, the Victorian, or the Vista were published; the long hours we spent perfecting our lay-up shots or our field goals and then to turn up with pneumonia on the big night of the game; all those times when we worked, sweated, and worried with no reward in sight — if we think of all the effort we exerted, then it is small wonder that we are about to graduate. It is also small wonder that we have made Victoria Composite High School the finest school in Western Canada.

Graduands, our past experiences marked only the beginning! The future journey we face, with all its degrees of uncertainty will be a greater challenge, a test of our worth. The road ahead of us winds through untried territory and many of us may need to blaze new trails as modern pioneers for those of us who follow. The challenge will be an uncompromising task-master, demanding our total effort, but the rewards of enjoyment, fulfillment, and happiness may be reaped.

Graduation is the point where we break away from our high school system, and equipped with the experience we have gained, and a bit of luck, we shall make our tomorrow a brighter world. Though plunged into darkness, we shall not flounder; ours is the flaming torch of hope, fed with an everlasting fuel: our education and experiences. With this beacon as our guidepost and the road as a challenge, we shall blaze those trails. We shall follow the road. We're going places and we'll be moving fast.

For some of us, a future means a further education, at Nait or University, and then a career. For others, it will mean a job, advancement and money to spend. Some plan to get married, some plan to see the world, and a few, after obtaining their university degrees, might retire on their unemployment cheques.

Somewhere along the road we would like to crawl into a niche and take things easy but I hope that in doing this none of us will become short-sighted and lose our perspective. We must remember that the road does not end in our lifetime or end at all, for that matter. The road is a long one that leads to world peace, brotherhood, equality, and love. Towards this end we aim — we, as a unit composed of all peoples of this earth. The world is too small to be plagued with international disputes, the world is too beautiful to be smeared with pollution, and the world is too valuable to lose. We cannot accomplish these goals individually, but as a group, we have the strength. All we need now is the right direction. Madame Pandit, a former President of the United Nations General Assembly, once remarked, "In order to survive in the world of tomorrow we need to be a higher individual," higher referring to higher values and better motives. This goal of creating a more mature responsible adult is one of the ulterior purposes of an education.

We owe an irrepayable debt to our parents and our teachers for their patient guidance and inspiration. It is they who provided us with a solid foundation upon which we can build ourselves to a higher level of achievement and understanding, and it is we who shall consolidate their dreams of a better tomorrow. It is this functioning unit of parents, teachers and students that made possible our education and thus our graduation tonight. To you, parents, and staff of our school, thank you on behalf of the graduating class! And to you, fellow students, good luck, you may need it, for you have only just begun!



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